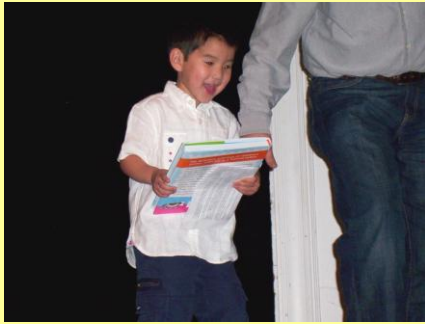




Following are the 2009 winning entries, in order as they were presented at the awards ceremony. Congratulations to our winners, and to all who entered such wonderful poems! Keep writing!

rise beginning
dawn
levitate hypnotize
craving
I surrender
to saffron glory's rays
capture blind me
coral beauty
absorb emptiness
illuminate
you scrumptious pastry
explosion of color
first page
of my novel
climb
fuchsia day
surge
lavender life
multiply
teal color
advance
auburn sun

*Louisa Winchell
Second Place, Seventh Grade
Amigos School*



I Can Run

I can't run as fast
As Neal and
I can't run
As fast as Amanuel
But I can run
As fast as Mark.
That's just the way I am!!!



*Andy Smithwick
First Place, Kindergarten
Cambridgeport School*

The Playdate in the Summer

hot playing kid
in the heat so hot
so hot it is
hot and it
is so so hot it is
so so hot so hot
that if we were
ice cream we
would be melting
and if we were
a hamburger we
would be cooked
like as hot
as an over cooked
hamburger

*Ben Goudvis
Third Place, Second Grade
Cambridge Friends School*



A Glass of Lemonade

Squeeze it.
Sip it.
Sunny, Refreshing, Cool, Ahhhhh.
Straight from the tree.

Feel the cold liquid trickle down your glass.

Let it go---down, down, down your throat.

Squeeze it.
Sip it.
Sit back against the stump.

Relax.

Sweetness to your mouth.

Let a chill go through your brain.

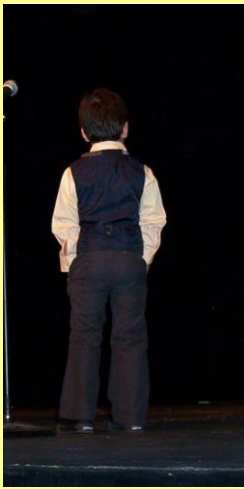
That tangy taste tickling your tongue.

Squeeze it.

Sip it.

Lemonade from a lemon tree.

*Raina Williams
First Place, Fifth Grade
Cambridgeport School*



*Nicolas Britos
Third Place, Kindergarten
Amigos School*

The Roller Coaster

You go up and down
And upside down to get
to here.

It goes so fast that
sometimes I think
I'm going to get
sick.

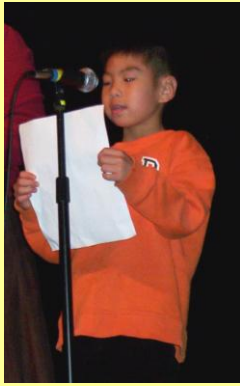
But do I like it?
Yes...I like it!

I Love Animals

I love animals
As much as I
Love you. Happy is
Not sad. I make two.

*Zora Williams
Second Place, Kindergarten
Amigos School*





*Phoenix Tamaoki
Honorable Mention, Second Grade
Peabody School*

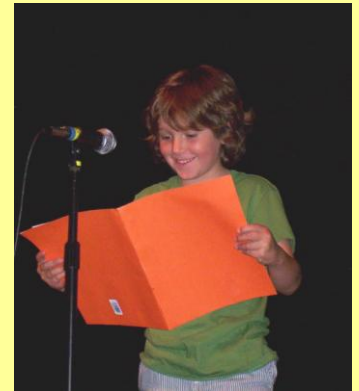
Cats

cats
a restaurant for fleas
serving
blood
every
day

Mouse Catching

Put the swiss
in the
trap
and
SNAP, SNAP, SNAP!

*Elliott Rodriguez
Honorable Mention, Second Grade
Cambridge Friends School*



*Romain Marseille
Second Place, First Grade
Fletcher Maynard Academy*

Snake Bracelet

It slithers
on the table.
And slithers
on my arm.
Makes a
bracelet
on my hand.

Serpent



Serpent
Slithering, sliding, gliding
Rears to his snaky tail, fangs glittering, forked tail flecked with poison.
bending in a majestic graceful arc
Venom distilled from the flames of the dragon's
fangs glittering like twin silver scimitars
It strikes! Bite like searing light! A pain rivaling no other
Now back, slithering, sliding, gliding,
To rejoin the darkness where its sleek body feels at home
Serpent.

*Jacob Kiely-Song
Second Place, Fifth Grade
Cambridge Friends School*

Hare's Lair

A hare hops through the woods
to find his very own lair.
He hops and hops and hops and hops
but doesn't seem to find it there.
He finally reaches
his very own house
but instead what he sees
is a teeny tiny mouse.

Imagine!

*Vrinda Mathur
Third Place, First Grade
Cambridgeport School*

Monkeys



Monkeys like the capuchin
Have white and funny faces
Other ones like the
Night Monkey can hide in small spaces.

Proboscis monkeys have big floppy noses,
Spider monkeys of course like silly poses.
The Bald Okapi is very mean
Howler monkeys like to loudly scream!

*Owen Fagan
Second Place, Second Grade
Amigos School*

My Stuffed Lamb

White and soft
the color of cream
and fur like a marshmallow
flop ears and a brown vest
her eyes are blue like a blueberry
a pink nose
and noisy feet that go klic klac
runs away from the dogs
Ruff! Ruff!

*Soli Martin-Abascal
Second Place Place, First Grade
Cambridge Friends School*

My Tree



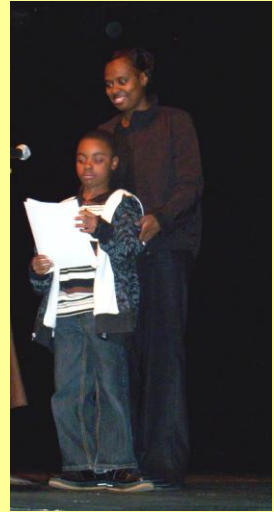
All the way up there
There with those big, green leaves?
That's my tree.
All the way up there
There with those big, wide branches?
That's my tree.
All the way up there
There with that dark brown bark?
That's my tree.
All the way up there
There with that sticky sap?
That's my tree.
Julia's tree,
There,
Up there.

*Julia Clardy
First Place, Second Grade
Cambridge Friends School*

Leaves

My veins are like
Lighting exploding
My skin is green
Like spring grass
My stem is long
Like a palm tree

*Dennis Marshall III
Third Place, Second Grade
Peabody School*



Mystery Plant

A tiny shrub
of minty
fresh
scent,
perfect
for a tiny
insect shelter

Each leafy
green branch
droops to the ground
like it's looking for
a friend
down there

The color like
green growing
grass
soft
and spiky



*Allegra Berger
Third Place, Fourth Grade
Amigos School*

The Real Deal Plants



Seeds are deep
Like a lake
In the soil
Yellow orange
Sun bright
Giving sunshine
To the seeds
Try to grow
Tall as a giant
Shhhh raindrops fall
On the plant
Gentle breezes
Touches the plant
Seeds begin to grow
Tall as me
Violets, Daffodils
Lilies and Roses
All grown-up now.

Kiara Osiris
Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade
Martin Luther King, Jr., School

Truth

I watched the tree move ever so swiftly
As the lightning streaks the sky the pinkish sky,
Illuminating the darkness,
Unceasing

I saw the tree fall blank into the street,
Leaving just a fraction of the truth left,
Waiting to grow again

I ran back inside,
Shutting the door behind me,
To secure my body from getting struck by lightning,
Like the tree,
Gone and now useless

I wonder if this was just a message,
If I will ever see something so wonderful but dangerous,
Unexpected but confusing

Phaëdra Mehu
Third Place, Eighth Grade
Fletcher Maynard Academy

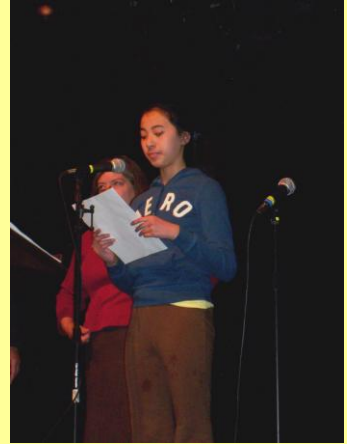
Seasons of Trees

In spring,
The green jade beads of youth adorn your slender arms.
As you dance with a light heart,
A cloak of mist putting you in mystery.

In summer,
The shining leaves of passion drape over your long arms.
As you sing with a delighted soul,
A shower of rain leaving you fresh.

In autumn,
You shed the green into fiery gown of maturity.
As you pin your hair with a fascinated mind,
A bit of frost lining your gown like lace.

In winter,
You change into the sparkling silver garments of innocence.
As you rise to full height,
The diamond necklace of icicles leaving you confident as ever.



*Amy Zhao
Second Place, Sixth Grade
Kennedy Longfellow School*

Trees

Branches sticking out like arms
Standing up straight
Their bark...their winter coat
The freshly fallen snow
Coats them
Leaving a white blanket of protection
Trees

*Carole Burke
Third Place, Sixth Grade
Fletcher Maynard Academy*

Who Am I?

I am of the ice...
Cold that ripples from my fingertips...
To the spring-loaded tips of my toes.
I am the white wolf...
Neck erect...
Perfectly symmetrical...
Howling at the moon...

In a barren field of snow.
I am the icicle...
Hanging off the wire in mid-December...
A cold dagger, poised...
To fall and shatter.

¿Quien soy yo?

Yo soy de el hielo...
Un frio que susurra de mis dedos...
Al salto puntas de mis dedos pies.
Yo soy el lobo blanco...
Cuello erige...
Perfectamente simétrico...
Rugir en la luna...
En un campo áride de nieve.
Yo soy el carémbano...
La ahorcadura del alambre a mediados de diciembre...
Un puñal frio, equilibrado...
Para caerse y quebrantar.

*Peter "Jamie" McCann
First Place, Eighth Grade
Peabody School*

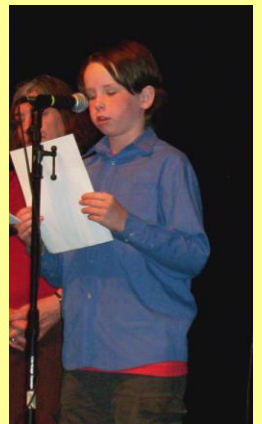
The Tree

The snow crunches under my feet as I walk around your trunk.
Huge sweeping limbs over my head.
Your bark is peeling and your branches are old,
You are a tree with a soul, a tree with a personality, you have
Weathered the seasons, let no force of man or nature take you
down.

*Lucas Gibson
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade
Haggerty School*

A Single Snowflake

I am a crystal,
An ice pattern of wonder.
I am the sound
Of wind chimes.
I am the biting cold
That falls from the sky.
I am the rain of
Winter freshness.
The clouds in the sky



Whiz past.
I hope, I hope.
I am a snowflake.

*Emily Rucker
Third Place, Fifth Grade
Peabody School*



Nature's Music

All around me
The woods are alive
As I gaze up,
Sunlight peeks through at me
From the open bright sky
Through the swaying leaves.

Covered in droplets of fresh water
That gleam in the dim light
And shine like pearls
Are the leaves
Making music as the droplets roll off
And hit the ground
Gently.

*Emily Olick Llano
Third Place, Fifth Grade
Peabody School*

Me

My body is like a planet,
My arms are like the transparent
atmosphere, my legs are the gravity, my
eyes are the continents. My heart is my
core that holds entertainment that is as
red as lava.
I live in a planet
And eat moons and stars.

*Marvin Vital
Second Place, Fifth Grade
Benjamin Banneker Charter School*

Noche y Dia #2



Me gustan las noches porque
puedo ver la luna, las estrellas
y tambien
por el dia puedo oir los pajaritos
cantar

I like the night because I can
see the moon, the stars.
also
by day I can hear the songs
of little birds.



*Angell Muñoz
Third Place, Kindergarten
Amigos School*

A Tiny Handful of Sand



A tiny handful of sand
slips between your fingers,
seagulls cry
upon the blue sky,
white caps crash against rocks
that fade,
then hit again.

Hot dry sand
mingles into wet cold sand,
that cools your feet
as waves lap over them

Grass sticks up
and whistles a song.

The waves send up
a refreshing spray.

No one else is there,
no human,
just you.

*Celeste DeLancey
First Place, Fourth Grade
Cambridgeport School*



The River

Rushing
Gushing
Flowing fast
River river of the
past

Flowing
Rowing
Flying fast
My little river
Running past

*Magdalyn LaMaster
Honorable Mention, Third Grade
Peabody School*

Untitled

The white herons flew
Over the vast blue ocean
They fly there no more

*Beftu Sultan
Second Place, Third Grade
Morse School*



At The Beach

The cool
waves roll
onto the
soft sand,

The gulls
call over head
The smooth
pebbles on
the sand,

The good smell
of hot dogs
from the hot
dog stand,

The faint jingle
from the Ice



cream truck,
the smell of
salt water on
the sand.

*Liana Goodwin Nogie
Second Place, Second Grade
Amigos School*

The Shell

A spinning
tornado
caught
in the sand.

A dotted spiral
is the back of
a snail.

*Makeisha Jean Baptista
First Place, First Grade
Fletcher Maynard Academy*

Wind

Wind howls wind blows
right across the trees
it goes

Wind howls
Wind blows
Right across the trees it goes

*Mia Bawendi
Third Place, First Grade
Cambridge Montessori School*

Wind



The wind can be pleasant
The wind can be harsh
The wind dwells on low land
The moor or the marsh
The wind dwells on high land
The mountains or Alps
The wind comes unpleasantly
And twinges our scalps
On soft summer nights
When the sun is a haze
The wind blows so gently
And stays there to graze
On cold winter days
When the sky is dark blue
It creeps up on us
And blows through me to you
The wind changes fast
As you find out in spring
Though it be pleasant
The birds might not sing
For in their wee heads
A warning is flashing
"Do Not Go Out
For The Wind May Be Lashing"
That is all I will tell you
And nothing much more
Except for one thing
To miss it is sore

*Elizabeth Hrycyna
Second Place, Fourth Grade
Cambridgeport School*

Picking Me Up



Mom and dad picked me up.
Something different.
Something new.
Mom and dad are talking.
Something good.
Something happy.
Mom and dad said "good work."
They hug me.
Something love.
Something warm.
And we went back home to see my friends.
I feel love.

*Saadiq Farah
Honorable Mention, First Grade
Fletcher Maynard Academy*

Where I'm From

I am from a clean house.
I am from the junk under my bed.
Piles and piles of super heroes' drawings.

I am from the basketball hoop, the net that
reminds me of my hair.
I am from the chocolate mousse
and orange juice.

I'm from the smart heads
and the chatty's, from the nicknames
my parents call me.

I am from my mom and dad's cousins, who
always swim like me.

I am from lamb stew and Gatorade.
From the reading by the fire nights,
From its loud crackling roar of a mix of
fire and sparks.

In my room a box filled of old pictures
spills out, a box that reminds me of
My dogs, as old as can be.
I am from those moments.



*Malcolm Scannell
Third Place, Third Grade
Cambridge Friends School*

I am From...



I am from TV and books,
Stuffed animals,
Sitting in my bed,
Waiting to be hugged at bedtime.

I am from my Aunt's house,
My bed, and my grandma's house—
Places I feel safe.

I am from
"Don't be a nosy parker!"
and

"You're going to drive me cookoo bananas!"

I am from Maggie and Charlotte,
My two little cousins.

I am from cake,
And waffles,
And my mom's macaroni and cheese,
The elbow I twisted,
And the knee my mom sprained.

Next to my bed,
Is a bag of books,
Including my journal,
Memories,
Never to be forgotten.

I am from my family,
My friends,
And my teacher.

I am from my house,
And my wonderful life
And from you,
for reading my poem.

*Lila Cardillo
Second Place, Third Grade
Cambridge Friends School*

Ánima

Una historia de 5000 años
Corre a través mi sangre

4000 millas de la Gran Muralla de China
Erigen mi espina

Las arenas del Rio Amarillo
Teñen mi piel.

Las noches oscuros de Ningxia
Manchan mis ojos

Mareas sueltas de seda
Enredan mi pelo

Los pasos de 1.3 billón
Crean mi batido del corazón

Mi cultura es
Mi sangre
Me espina
Mi piel
Mis ojos
Mi pelo
Mi corazón

Quién soy
Sin esto?

Soul

A history of 5000 years
Races through my blood

4000 miles of the Great Wall
Erects my spine

Sands of the Yellow River
Stain my skin

Dark nights of Ningxia
Dye my eyes

Flowing tides of silk
Entangle my hair

Footsteps of a marching 1.3 billion
Create the beat of my heart.

My culture is
My blood
My spine
My skin
My eyes
My hair
My heart

Who am I
Without it?

*Kevin Xiong
Second Place, Eighth Grade
Peabody School*

(Kevin's entry also included a Chinese version of his poem. We regret we are unable to reproduce it here)

Yo soy

Yo soy de tre païses millas de distancia
Dos rasagan por guerras
El resto nacido de uno

La tierra de mì padre es
Sin vida
Edificios rotos basura en las calles
Iglesias antiguas, mezquitas
Que quemen
Està lloviendo cenizas
Cotidiana

La tierra de mi madre està
Viviendo, pero triste
Resceptando una familia muerte
Està recordando la Guerra
Mientras un hijo
Va al ejèrcito
Rato hijo otro rendimiento

La tierra de mi nacida es
Nueva, luchando
Por ahì solo dos cientos años de edad
Una naciòn construida de
Hamburguesa envoltorios y bolsas de Doritos
Un païs con oportunidad
Y una enonomìa bajando

Yo soy europea, asiàtica, Americana
Soy de antiguo Yugoslavia/Serbia,
Corea del Sur,
El EEUU
Es complicada.

I Am

I am of three countries miles apart
Two torn apart by wars
The remaining born from one.

The land of my father is
Lifeless
Broken buildings litter the streets
Ancient churches, mosques
They burn
Raining ashes
Everyday

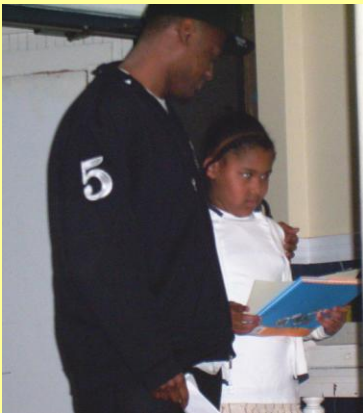
The land of my mother is
Alive, but sad
Respecting dead family
Remembering the war
As a son
Goes to the army
While another son returns

The land of my birth is
New, struggling
Only around 200 years old
A nation built on
Hamburger wrappers and Doritos bags
A country of opportunity
And a declining economy

I am European, Asian, American
I am of former Yugoslavia/Serbia,
South Korea,
The U.S.
It's complicated.

*Morning Star
Second Place, Eighth Grade
Peabody School*

Flu Shot



Up son
Oh No get down!
The flu shot is coming around
It will hurt so bad
"Suck it up" said my dad
Up son
Oh No get down!
The flu shot is coming around
It's over Hey That lollipop tastes so good
I wish I could...
CRACK!!
Oh No! get down
The dentist is coming around.

*Nadaija Lauture
Honorable Mention, Third Grade
Tobin School*

Brown doesn't look good on me

Not a happy day.
Not a happy day,
 at all.
The first sunshine,
Birds coming back,
spring
not happy.
Funerals are never happy.

Folded tables,
and chairs.
Threw away the scattered mourning leftovers
:tissues.

We left,
Wanted to mourn
 more
but we didn't have time
now
we had to celebrate.

His 70th
At 60 he thought he was going to die
Like his father
Grandpa didn't die.

He was smiling, big and proud;
Birthdays are always smily,
and happy.
Funerals never are.

After dinner,
mom and dad drive back home
but I don't,
me and my sister don't

He wants to show us Brown.
He went to Brown.
Grandpa loves Brown.
He's proud of Brown
and wants to show it off.

He does,
pretty buds on pretty trees,
soft smells,
but my frown
and tearstained cheeks
are tell tale;

I want to mourn.

He wants us to get Brown shirts,
we look around,
pull some over our heads,
even though we know they're gonna be too tight.
but
"You're taking too long!"
and he walks out,
of the store
onto the student filled streets.

Abouelita stays,
and we buy shirts.

We've started packing up the car,
and finally he comes.
Grandpa,
with his sweaty brow,
his big back and arms
and mouth.
He yells,
but we can't cry.

We didn't love Brown.
We didn't like Brown.
We didn't try to like Brown,
and I know his words are true.
His harsh,
Loud,
big mouth words.

I don't like my Brown shirt.
Brown doesn't look good on me.

*Maria Alejandra Trumble
Third Place, Eighth Grade
Amigos School*

Behind the Mask

They say each second of her life
Has been a mistake

On her eighteenth birthday
That is when they will all say
Good bye

A normal teenage girl on the outside
A broken, suffered girl on the inside

Her delicate skin and body frame
Bruised
Her fragile heart
Shattered...

With the smile on her face
You will never see
The pain
In her Eyes

And if you were to look
Deep inside her soul
There you will see
A Destroyed girl
Hiding behind
That Fake Grin.

*Katyana Morency
Second Place, Eighth Grade
Amigos School*

Little Bro's



Little bro's
Are supposed to be
Cute
Smart
And they're supposed to look up to
You
I know mine do
But what they don't tell you
Is that
They're sticky
They cling to you
Like burrs on clothes
Sure they like you
But really
They only cling
If you're the only one
Who doesn't think
They were sent from god
Little bro's
Are like tape
They stick
With gooey popsicle fingers
And that papier mache feeling
Fresh from kindergarten projects
And if strong enough
Are really

Hard
To get off.
But little bro's
Are also
Family
You hold their hands
On the first
Day of kindergarten
Push them
On a swing
And they'll cry
If you stop
So you don't
Because you love it
You want
To make him laugh
Smile
Even though
He's a pain sometimes
Because
He is
Your little bro
So please
Push him higher
Help him touch the sun

*Imani Sherley
First Place, Sixth Grade
Shady Hill School*

Friends

Diamonds and rubies are really cool
but not as precious as you.
The person that was there for me from when I was just two,
It was a friend.
The fun and laughs we had together are in my head,
being memories forever.
It was a friend.
The person that gave me their shoulder to cry,
she's so nice that she would never lie,
It was a friend.
The person that stood up for me
from beginning to end, you are a really, really true friend.

This poem is dedicated to my friends Sofia and Hanna, who I think are the best friends in the world.

*Sanjana Jobalia
Third Place, Third Grade*

Roots

Connecting network
Giving sustenance to tree
Living underground

*Keven Santos
Third Place, Seventh Grade
Fletcher Maynard Academy*

Romantic Trees

Growing together.
Leaves kissing with each soft wind
Every single day.

*Jason Barbosa
Third Place, Seventh Grade
Fletcher Maynard Academy*

When I See Your Face

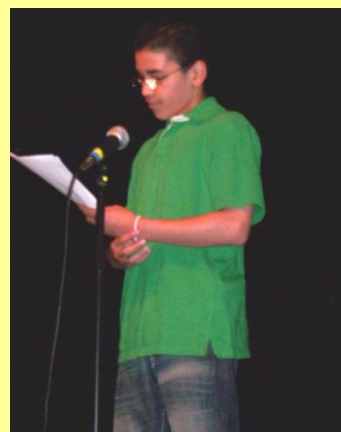
When I see your face
it's like the night
full of stars.

Your eyes are like water
under the sky
 shining
 into
 my
 heart

*Kelvin Santiago
Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade
Amigos School*

Doughnuts

Take a halo from an angel
Dunk it in sugar
Fry it
Set it on the shelf
 With others.
Tens of them lying
In the little glass case
In the little store
On the corner.





Chocolate, Filled, Maple,
You stare at them
Your eyes prying
Trying to get one to hover
In front of your mouth
So you can take a sweet,
Heavenly,
Bite
Closing your eyes
While you chew slowly,
Contemplating how
Such a simple idea
Can be turned into a
Paradise
With a hole in the middle.
Chocolate, Filled, Maple
They are all there
In the little glass case
In the little store
On the corner
That seems to glow
Like a halo
From an angel.



*Henry Feinstein
First Place, Sixth Grade
Shady Hill School
(thanks for the doughnuts!)*

Walnut

Like a fortress
Almost impenetrable
But if you get through the walls
You will find a treasure
Simple but precious
So simple that some people
Don't recognize it for what it really is
A true work of art

*Coby Gray
Third Place, Fifth Grade
Fayerweather Street School*



*Pierce Laing
First Place, Fifth Grade
Shady Hill School*

The Pear

A pale emerald hue,
Speckled with dots,
A jewel of lush trees of jade.
One bite and it explodes with juice,
Filling your mouth,
With the essence of joy.

Listening to Opera

the solid was of brass
which should be the theme
but isn't.
with fluttering changes it carries
 no form
 no structure
Wagner writes
 like someone who can't
 keep up a conversation

whereas Verdi
 to whom everything
 should be a song
 a waltz

And harmonies should be
multiples of three.

one isn't better than the other.
 one German
 one Italian
but when Italy was dwelling still
on Christianity
 Germany had moved on
 to witches and fairies

Nazism in music is exciting
a solid wall of brass
glorious as a utopian paradise.

Maybe it's wrong.
Maybe it's just Opera

but Verdi is still Verdi
And Wagner is still Wagner

and mysteries lay still unsolved.

*Liam Bodwell
Second Place, Eighth Grade
Amigos School*

Pencil



Pencils are trail guides leading your hand
across the page to the new world that is
begging you to put it in words
for many eyes to see and admire,
they are wooden masterpieces
that work miracles every day.
pencils are wands with infinite power of words,
punctuation, abbreviation and culture.

Bedtime for Me

I see my dad's sweet face
and the soft light
seeping through
the slightly open bathroom door.
I hear my dad's heavy breathing
the peaceful crinkle of the sheets
nothing much
is said
only talk
about tomorrow
and what happened today.
I always have
that tired
lazy feeling
with my head
laying on
my perfect pillow.

*Julian Baxandall
First Place, Third Grade
Amigos School*

It's the hobo at the corner
and the garbage smelling scent,
with the noises booming loudly
and the laundry blowing vent.

With the pushcarts and the sellers
and the hotels occupied,

the construction workers work
with sweat running down their eyes.

It's the hobo at the corner
and a garbage smelling scent,
with the noises booming loudly,
It's the city, what the heck!

*Sara Hauf
Second Place, Fourth Grade
Amigos School*

Trapped

I was living in the countryside where
day come to stay and the outside world was
no more.

I was in my house crying for Peace
to come. I was trapped and I knew
it.

My world has been broken by the
ones who didn't have faith and didn't care.
I couldn't do anything about it because
I was trapped.

Trapped in this cruel world where
no one has respect for each other, trapped
where I could not speak for myself
and if I did there would be no dinner
tonight. If I tried to break loose
from this trapped world, I would
break out into tears because I was
in the hole of sadness.



*Kester Messan
Third Place, Fourth Grade
Cambridgeport School*

FREEDOM

FREEDOM

I WANT MY VOICE
TO RING
FROM MOUNTAIN TOPS
I WANT PEOPLE TO LISTEN
TO WHAT
I HAVE TO
SAY

FREEDOM

I WANT TO SHINE BRIGHTER

THAN A SHOOTIN' STAR
THE CENTER
OF ATTENTION
IN A SEA
OF STARS
FREEDOM
I WANT TO
FLOW
WITH EVERLASTING
PEACE, JOY, AND LOVE
FLOW
AS
IF I WERE THE WATER
THE SILKY SILVER WATER
IN THE MOON'S FOUNTAIN
FREEDOM

*Wynther Gedeon
First Place, Seventh Grade
Amigos School*

Inaugural Poem



I am from old objects,
Like the Bible that every President since Lincoln has been sworn in on.

From "I have a dream," to "yes we can."

I have experienced George Washington to Barack Obama,
And big changes as every President goes by.

I have no voice nor body,
House nor home,
Yet everybody seems to have their own opinions and feelings about me.
Some love or hate me,
Others feel scared, confident, anxious, and some even calm.
I have no feelings about myself as I am not capable of having them.

In case you are wondering,
I am the inauguration.

*Zoe Goldstein
First Place, Fourth Grade
Cambridge Friends School*

Tuesday at noon

The energy bouncing off the snow and ice,
Rebounding from the tightly closed windowpanes of houses.
It shines,

Glints,
Pride
Has been born

In the eyes
Of the world
And the people
Who are there as observers and
Witnesses
The snow continues to fall
And history is made
Tuesday at noon.

*Phoebe Reuben
First Place, Eighth Grade
Amigos School*

Sunset

Soft gold light that illuminates the trees,
The gentle blowing of a cool breeze.
Buildings silhouetted against the pale sky,
The sweet song of a bird on the fly.
Clouds of purple, pink and white
Clear the way for the velvet night.

*Sophie E. Pesek
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade
Shady Hill School*

